Bassma Alseyofi

25 Secret poems

First edition

أجيال
تسويق ونشر
مجموعة أجيال لخدمات التسويق والنشر والإنتاج الثقافى

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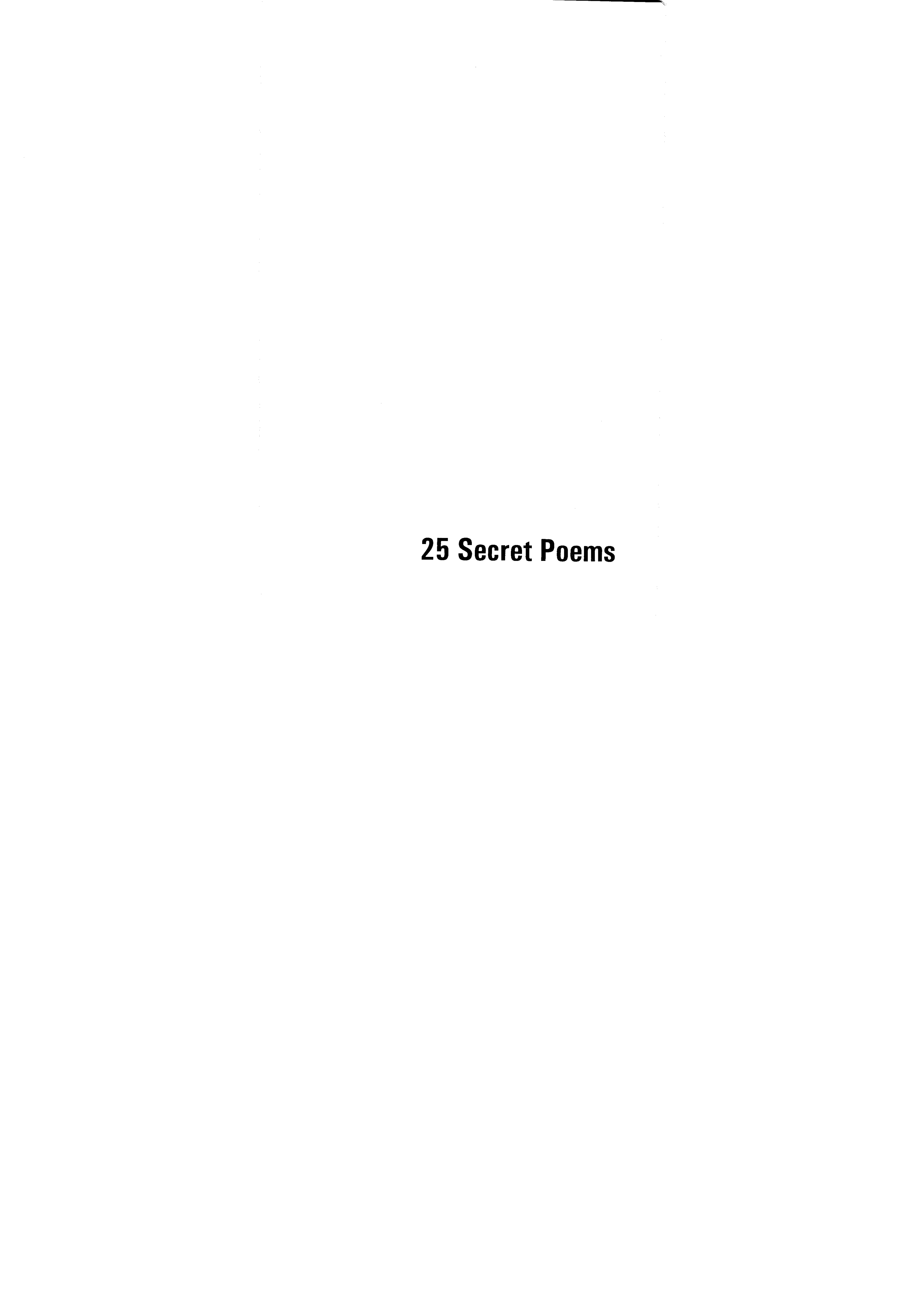
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25 Secret Poems

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Bassma Alseyofi

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A Wish

Who shall believe in you ?
Choose phrases to be accepted ..
Try to ignite the forgotten in you .

Am I in the cell of love alone ?
In this pride alone?
Am I a wish to be true ?

Allow me to celebrate ..
To communicate ..
That polite silence with you ..

In that cell.. It's only me ..
With a feeling that exists..
And a heart against "who are you" !!

A wish ..A difficult wish ..
Opens a path to pride ..
Reach for the cloud eagerly..
Or the belief shall die with you..

Let it Shine ....

A Comment on a sweet discussion with Angela

Let it shine ....
It did shine ...
Each memory was hugged..
Like it was mine ...

Our path is clear...
We made a deal..
With the Creator Almighty..
The Compassionate, The Divine...

Words shook the sleepy echo..
Are we aware ?
Or even dare !!
To whisper our sins ..to Him?
Forgiveness awaits the define !! ..

Some people move mountains for us ...
And some ..
Increase the burden of a whine..??

Shining is never asked from the sun..!!
It's done warmly ..even humbly ..
You cannot see the sunlight..
If you are caught in the thought of a sign!

So..
Let it shine..
As long as you breathe ..
You make the silence decline !

Cotton Face

Oh sweet infant,
Help me to enjoy a hug !
Help me to capture your smile !

Warm my cold features with a poem..
Conquer me with a smile.
Let me touch the tenderness..
Allow me to feel the cotton..
That blooms with your smile.

Oh,sweet infant,
Grant me a smile ..
Come to me ,
As lost as I may be ..
As safe as you are.

Accuse me of nostalgia..
But, Grant me your cottony smile.

Peaceful, warm eyes penetrate my bones..
Weak as far as you invade me,
Stronger as you live inside of me..
Nothing compared to your heavenly smile !!

Challenge the Absence !

Hear my whispers !! I landed there ..
With a greeting and a heart to share ..
I shall learn to try..to haunt that branch ..
Show that absolute care.

A soul shall bond with the leaves.
Share the same virtues..
Even at winter..when absence is vivid..
And warmth is rare.

Challenge me wind..share my wisdom..
Be everywhere seldom.
Part of me is aching....breaking...
Yet, the branch is promising...breath taking..

Would you ever challenge my disappearance?
Dare the neglect ?
I landed to stay my branch ..
I needed a poor chance.

To fall apart with you..
To lose a heart for you..
The real me shared with you..
My existence is the loud truth.

Mercy Me

Mercy me.. bare the possibility..
Join the prayer with a whisper.
Feel lonely like me ..

Mercy every breath.
Never the less..
Prove what You intend to be ..

Who dares to accept !!
A lonely drop of rain ..
Over the skin of complain..
Who shall dare to rescue thee.

Mercy that need.
That innocent trust..
In a face with no must.
That urges to belong to thee..

Mercy the possibilities.
A heart is able to change..
To hate… neglect and distrust.
Just to let remorse turn you..
Into what you insist to be .

With All My Heart

I barely whisper to a ghostly heart ..
No echoes.. No realities.. No rules..
What shall I say to my heart ?

With all my love ..
I gave eternity to a feeling so weak .
I unite ..I melt with fate ..
What shall I say to my heart ?

I send prayers along with angels..
Dreaming not to be frightened..
Losing faith in old beliefs.
I vowed to stay here.. unfrightened.

With all my love …
Clouds are shy to rain..
On a lost stubborn earth ..
Leave behind the sound of peace..
What shall I say to my soul ?

The huge question appears..
Who will nurture a lonely flower..
Young in an age of an hour..
Loved extremely ..but faded like light..
Who will understand the unaccepted..

All is given with pain..
To your world of insane..
Pride is kept..
With all that is left of a cloud.

Rich Spirit

Rich spirit, she said..
Real me ..Believe it !! instead..
Features pass by my skin..
A feather blown in the wind ..

Fall, Your majesty, you are welcome...
True are the wings and the head...

Crawl as a turtle or fly like light...
The soul is nostalgic when dead...

Are you aware of your doings?
Would you allow catching a thread?

Believe my reality, simplicity,
Drawing circles in a pond...
Expanding as I shed...

Here comes to you...
A poor me with a lost you...
A soul to dive deep in ...

A drop in morning dew...
Wishing to own a heart...
You generously kept dead...

Needs Explanation

Needs explanation ??
Lost meanings are born ..
With sensation ..

As far as you hide..
Beside excuses or behind ..
My looks invade ..
Towards depth inside..

So , Fly as much as you wish..
You might hug my thoughts..
Hopes are imaginative..
Clarity but not explanation ..

Lost meanings , I fear you..
No promised expectations ..
Lost meanings. No hard feelings ..
No noble limitation..

Needs explanation??
Tell me ..did you reach this point?
To explain the silent space..
Please Tell me.
Do my features need..
Sublime explanation ??

Dignity

Pride is leading my thoughts.
Dignity is aching..
What is the fault of the pure soul ?

Oh , dear dignity..
I am preparing for your funeral..
I shall bury you with his glory..
I shall destroy you whole..

Forget about heartbeats..
Forget about tears of concrete..
Just remember..
What's broken is still hurt..
No matter how shiny it seems..

The purity of your soul..
Shall purify the guilt of that past goal..
And shall keep your dignity alive..
Even if you buried it in a hole.

So, Wake up spirit. Feel again. Love again..
The same old person.. of whom you complain..
Maybe...
Your pure blessings have tingled his heart..
Hopes are now beyond insane.

The Will to Try

She is glad someone dug deep..
To awaken the struggling previous.
A try to become closer.
Intentions are sincere..

A strange feeling of denial.
The Truth is beyond silence and sleep.
Questions wonder why?
Gave me the right to try.
To dig beyond depth and DEEP.

Am I able to whisper the worries?
Am I able to experience the hidden?
She said TRY with optimistic treat.
Dig patiently..Dear..Reach the weep.

Meadows need an honest drop of rain.
Born green miles are promising.
Is it possible ? Or left incomplete.

Tries are the path of success.
The will of trust urges the silence.
The poor drop waits the greet.

A thread is woven .. Strongly..
Yet, care shall turn it into a bridge of concrete.

Imagination

Dear whom you are...
The Search is beyond time..
The guilt of being lost is crawling..
Space is hugging my soul.. Asking for patience..
You are some where.. waiting ..
My other true soul is waiting.

Meet me in another world .. Meet my virtue..
The nostalgia is weeping ..
To whom it may concern..
Awaiting you is a sin.. Dreaming of you is a virtue.

Agree on the concept of freedom
Free .. agree.. Just appear before.. I see ..
If the time is eternity,
Dear, whom you may be concerned...

Conspiracy Fails What So Ever...

A plot is woven..
Born in the period of vanity..
Thrilled and captured like a lost deer.
I am there .. Still flying with no revenge..

Infant of a minute ..
Help me to rain,
To cover your meadows with green..
Who deserves to own a cloud in your eyes ?
A sky is your beyond ?

Just help me to reach a try ?
With no plots or victims ?

Purity is born in a cloud .. in your eyes ..
Your beyonds..
So why the thought of conspiracy ?
When you wish for a cloud ?
Enlighten the path .. Some graves are ready !!

The soil shall hug the cloud ..
Faces are rich in memories ..yet ,they fade in tongues..

Born in the period of vanity ..
That feeling of purity..
Destroyed with honor in your hands.

A Busy Soul

To the dear Consultant

Dearest feather..
The more Busy you are,
the most patient meadows must be ..
Pure as you fall closer .
Like a wind around a tree ..

Dearest delicate feather..
How can I find a language ?
A sublime language ?
That warmth the unity of a plea…

The tree missed the talks..
The pulses…the veins…
The leaves and the remains. proudly agree..

Would you guarantee?
To be busy ..yet ..lend me a thought..
A unity in thought..
A wish to sweet degree..

The meadows await..
To tolerable degree..
Busy or as it happens to be .
Would you celebrate unity with me ?

A Virtue

Shall I start being nostalgic ?
Shall I dare to set me free ?
Can I melt with the wind ?
As much as I miss you ..
When the echo denies to agree..

It's only a period that separates..
Rain drops from a cloud..
A period that questions my intimacy..
I still predict the beauty..
Of a loud agree.

It's a virtue to feel nostalgic
It's humane to miss a soul..
But still captive if you disagree..

Louder and louder shall I shout !!
I Miss You dear ..
My heartbeats say so.. My gasps say so..
And my wisdom shall agree..

It's a virtue to miss some one like you..
It's a sin to widen the silence..
Yet, it's a horrible sin to disagree..

Hello

A dream awakens the silence.
A wish better be true ..
A soul of a lonesome tulip..
A memory that breaks through..

Can I see more than I believe ?
Can I ask for the untrue ?
Must a beam die as a child ?
Must a tulip neglect the dew ?

Same old me around you..
Same old soul too..

Changed is the conspiracy of quietness.
Listening might beautify the view !
I hear no guilt .. I admit ..
I changed what you couldn't renew..

A tulip awaits tender whispers..
A tulip patiently ...
Makes her wishes come true ..

Harsh Luck

Are you happy to fade the moon ?
Watch the light over my skin ..
Lucky .. to beat in my heart ..
Lucky to fade so soon ..

Are you suitable ?
To hear the leaves ..
Weeping to leave the trees..
Are you happy for the moon ?

Pity my harsh luck ..
My destiny surprise ..
You know no moon.. No trees..
Waste of compromise.

Harsh luck to you..
Sweet choices are around .
Acceptance is a growing glory..
You lost the full moon .

Stay Quiet

Stay quiet. He said ,
Stay always tortured..
Listen to me broken..
On melodies you shed..

Empty like a sponge, my heart..
Full like an ocean you are..
Drop in me ..tonight..
Deeper as memories spread..

Stay quiet. My angel..
Help a wet bird to dry the agony..
Pass through my veins..
Promise a fairy land , I said .

We weave a language of comfort..
I aim not to blame..
Stay quiet in my heart..
Let me do the whispering instead..

Miserable He ..

He ...and He.... and He... Miserable He..
Back again.. Lost in vain..
Are you regretting the decent dignity...!!
Or Are we generous in feelings? Even to the insane ?
He's Back again ..to empty hugs. And crying blames....
Are we harsh on our sensitive hearts ?
Or enough of burden made us complain ?
Pity the noble souls..
They give.. Sacrifice...
Yet ,
Appreciation is never in return..

The Love Around !!

Nights with full moon disappear.
Your direction is lost...
The hearts are thirsty

He said...
No love around !!

Lips are deserted dry...
Grown ups lost the kiss of their mothers..
Since ancient time...
He said:
No sweet one around?

Who will read me now ?
Who will feel my skin ?
My lips are my fence .
Words are my newborn infants.
Yet, No love around ?

Well chosen words are born .
Her sweet long talks wash me like a river...
They delay my fall...
He said: after all...
No sweet Love around ?
I still deny the fall ?

The Point of No Return

To the Endless Inspiration.. A true friend...

The Point of No Return
keep going blinded feet..
The climax awaits your dream.

Courage never bleeds .
The limit is the skies..
Weakness is denied..
Go..Jump..Run..fly..

Dear spirit. Wounded I know..
Stronger you grow..
Breathing alive always..
But never withdraw..

It's the Point of no Return..
Dreaming like crazy..
Delicate like a daisy..
You're up front..
Passing the Point of no return

Meet Me

The trace you left, is full of aroma.
Beyond my limit of senses.
The trace heals wound.
Whispered to me with secrets.

I really don't know..
Who shall ever feel the loss.
After reaching a quiet language..
Time will hide the loss..

Are you aware dear..that..
There are no more prisoners..
Behind such a wall

Glitter as much as you love..
You are aware of that freedom..
Drown in my eyes just once..
Safe and deep you shall stay..
Pure as a white sea gull..
Innocent as a cloud I shall stay.

Meet me at the garden of touch..
Meet me at the mountain of joy..
Conquer all the meadows in a rush ..
I deserve a decent grave..

Friendship Roots

Delicate words race me to your heart
Rain drops should clear the soul..
Are you still wondering .
Thinking to freeze the start ??

Never expect such intimacy.
Never doubt thy heart.

It's only my Taurus nature..
Silence. Deep emotions..stubburness..
Yet, the true kindness.

I shall present the world to you.
I choose to be your friend.
Plant the root of gratitude..
Agree to criticize thy heart.
A Promise is my demand..

Consistency of care I shall stand..
Encouragement to guard the soul
And love above that all.

Never measure words anymore..
Please Reward my comfort.
Since silence became between us ..
A real true comfort..

Bare my deep sad looks ..
Bear my falling apart..
I am not ashamed anymore..
Of any distant death..

Give and ask for no Return

You shall try with patience.
To hold some one's eyes..
Give a look once upon a time.
Glorious are your humble tries.

What are they but a name !
Faces afraid of feedback.

Pay them back...
The sweetness of smiles.

Ask for no payment.
Elegance of friendship shall gain love...

Give a look once in times.
Give as long as you breathe.
Heavens are your limits.

No better living virtue
Than being human with no payment..
People then need no disguise.

Miss Me ?

A signal Faded..
Into my eyes.
The language is hated..
Even with smiles.

Could you try to miss me ?
In a random dream?
Could you answer your foolish tries?

A cry is lost ..
Hopes or whispers.
No matter how loud,
You counted the cries..

Could you talk to a shadow?
A devilish shadow ..
That suffers from a sweet dream.
And wishes for surprise..

Threads are cut,
Fare well nostalgia …
My sweet dream..
Shall become your terror ..
Fare well to my cries.....

Beyond the Voice ..

A birthday girl once told me..
Expect the unexpected.
Follow a dream, well respected.
Enjoy a minute with solitude..
Die but don't regret it.

A birthday girl..Cheers my soul,
Concludes my breath with a laughter..
Taught me suddenly to be protected.

What's beyond the voice??
Or Am I too affected?
Tell me dear,
What's beyond the neglected!!

Reject those circles you move in..
Beyond the distance ,
Yet still needed and selected..

What's beyond the voice??
Marbella Spirit? My illusions?
Nostalgia or vanity?
With some people...
The endless is unexpected..

Content